



Scripts.com

Miss Congeniality 2: Armed and Fabulous

By Unknown

Hart, can you get me
Miss Arizona's number?

- Why would I do that, Clonsky?

- Because she needs a man in her life.
Yeah? Where do you fit in?

- Nice. Nice talk. Not too congenial, Hart.

- Yeah.

It says right here
you're supposed to be real amiable.
That's three weeks ago.
I've been amiable since then...
...and now I just
wanna hit somebody.

Well, this could be your chance, Hart.
Okay, let's go over this one more time.
The Housewives...
...they knocked off nine banks in a month
and wounded two guards.
We got a tip this bank is their next target.
So stay frosty. Keep your heads up.
You know you can't wear a swimsuit
on this mission, right, Hart?

That's good.

- What happened to world peace?

- It comes and goes.

Control to Big Mama.
Check your baby.
Hey, honey.

- Control, this is Big Mama. Confirm.

- Confirm, Big Mama. Proceed on in.

- Big Daddy and Big Mama are inside.

- Copy that.

I hope we wrap this early.
I have Yankee tickets tonight.
What are you up to?
Just basic paperwork, and then
I got company coming over for dinner...
...so I just need to do a little...
A little defrosting.

- Oh, your boyfriend Eric's coming over?

- He's not my boyfriend. Just...
We're just friends, you know? Friends
and coworkers. Friendly coworkers.
Hey, you ever been to the Poconos?

Where is that? What is that,
New York? Pennsylvania?
You think it'd be hard
to get a reservation there?
What, for you and your coworker?
- That's so sweet, two agents in love.
- Yeah.
So I guess this is a good time to tell you
that this is not your baby.
Housewives, front door. Housewives.
How old?
- Thirty-five.
- No, the baby. Can I take a peek?
No, get lost, lady.
We haven't changed his diaper in a week.
You're that Miss Congeniality lady.
No, I'm not. I'm not. I'm not.
I saw you on TV
on the Miss United States pageant.
No, ma'am. Ma'am, you did not.
- You're Gracie Hart!
- Ma'am, no. Ma'am, please...
- Gracie Hart?
- Gracie Hart?
- Gracie Hart!
- No, I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!
- She's FBI!
- I'm not!
- It's a setup!
- Okay, nobody move! Nobody move!
Nobody's moving. Ma'am, please be...
Please be quiet! Get down!
Nobody's moving.
- Get down, please! Please, get down!
- Down, I said. Down!
Nobody's moving. It's okay.
Ma'am, get down! Get down!
We've got a hostage situation.
We need backup. Now!
- We gotta move, ladies!
- Okay. Okay, it's okay.
Get your hand out of the purse, Hart.
You too, hubby, get your hands up
where I can see them.

Tell me where every other agent is
in this bank.

Now.

Now!

There's one in the baby carriage.

- Freeze, FBI!

- FBI, freeze!

Put the gun down!

Put the guns down!

- Take her. Take...

- Got her.

Clonsky, where are you hit?

Where are you hit?

- In the vest. I'm...

- Where?

I'm all right. I'm all right.

- Oh, my God.

- It hurt like a mother.

I know.

But I got something that's gonna
make you feel a lot better.

Here we go, 602-555-0199.

What's that?

Miss Arizona's number.

- You couldn't tell me earlier?

- No.

- What do we got?

- I'm okay.

Excuse me.

Would you mind?

Hart! Hart!

- Sorry, sir.

- Let's not make a bad day worse.

Sir...

...about the bank,

I don't know what happened.

It was like my high school reunion,
except these people liked me.

Well, I think we can all agree
it didn't go according to plan.

But I wanna talk to you
about something else.

This is some fan mail we've gotten
for you since the pageant.

Letters, cards, chocolates.

I'll take the chocolates.

"Dear Miss Hart,

I saw you on the pageant...

...and the next night

I was coming out of a party...

...when this horrible guy

grabbed me in the parking lot.

So I did your SING self-defense,

and he totally backed off.

I've gone through some tough times lately,

and you have no idea what it means...

...to feel like you can stand up

for yourself again.

I just wanted to say thank you

and you look beautiful in your e... "

- Evening gown?

- Evening gown.

- She liked it?

- Lori, Newark.

Sir, you're reading my mail.

That's a class-B misdemeanor.

Hart, I've been getting five calls a day

for you to be on talk shows.

The Bureau's had

some bad publicity lately...

...and the director thinks you could be

the new face of the FBI.

Sir, I'm just a field agent.

Most field agents don't have the president

calling them at home to congratulate them.

I can't believe I hung up on him.

I thought it was Clonsky.

This is important, Hart.

Go home, have a nice dinner...

...and think about it.

Well...

...I could use a nice dinner, sir.

I'll think about it.

Hart.

Well, hello, Agent Matthews.

No, I'm just putting the finishing touches

on your chicken potpie. Yeah.

I think I'm gonna make some man

very, very happy someday.
Listen, I wanna ask you something.
Do you know if the Poconos
are in New York or Pennsylvania?
Because I cannot seem to get
a clear answer on this.
Because I was thinking
that maybe this weekend...
...we could take a little drive down there,
do a little exploring, do...
Why, aren't...?
Why do you wanna talk tomorrow? I mean,
aren't you gonna be here in 10 minutes?
Oh, well, I thought we were moving
at kind of a normal speed. L...
Well, I don't need any more space.
I mean...
You know, it's not like I expect us
to get married or anything, but I...
Well, what is it? I mean, is it...?
Is it the way I snort? I mean,
because I don't have to snort.
Or is it the...? Is it the sex? Because...
You know, I could...
I could get a manual or something.
Well, no.
No, you don't have to explain.
No. No, you know what? You know what?
I have to... I have to go.
Don't worry about dinner. I...
Mrs. Flammenbaum next door
invited me to a surprise...
...keg party.
You know what? I have to go.
Okay.
Bye.
- This is where the health plan kicks in.
- You ain't kidding.
- Morning, sir.
- Hey.
I'd really like to talk to you
for a minute, if I could.
Hart, have you been crying?
No. No. I don't cry.

I don't even have tear ducts.
Sam Fuller. Transferred in
from Chicago last week...
...because of
anger-management problems.
Really? She seems like
such a people person.
I've been giving this a lot of thought...
...and given the fact that going out on ops
has become problematic in light of...
...the bank thing...
Well, I have decided to become
the new face of the FBI.
I really wanna be there
and support the Bureau...
...and be a positive role model for women.
I feel like this is a great ti...
Oh, yeah. No way you could've seen me
standing there.
- Sorry.
- You were saying?
Hey! Yo!
- How about a real "sorry," huh?
- Come again?
- You heard me.
- This is gonna be great.
I said, how about a real "sorry"?
You are about to feel some real pain
if you don't back off.
Hey, you know what? Don't talk to me
about pain, sister. I invented pain.
No, you didn't just call me sister.
I don't recall seeing a little, skinny-ass
white girl at the table growing up.
Hey! First of all,
thank you for calling me skinny.
Second of all, what is your problem?
And third of all,
you better apologize to me or...
- Make me!
- You know, I don't make trash. Come on!
- Come on.
- Knock it off, Fuller. Take a shower.
That's right, take a shower. Walk away.

- You lucky you still can walk!
- You want more?
- Take a shower. Go on.
- Come here.

That's right, go on. Keep walking.

Hart.

You were saying?

Oh, a positive role model for women, sir.

I want you to talk to someone
before we schedule any appearances.

Someone who can help
with personal-presentation issues.

Clothing, makeup, so forth.

He comes very highly recommended.

I just went through a makeover
for the pageant.

I'm still getting hairspray off my butt.

What? It prevents the bathing suit
from riding up. Thank you.

Sir, I just don't wanna become
FBI Barbie again.

What's your option?

You can't go in the field without putting
yourself and agents in jeopardy.

- That part of your life is over.

- Sir, it can't be.

That's all that I know how to do.

That's all that I have.

You gotta make a choice.

Sit at a desk pushing papers...

...or be out there

boosting the Bureau's image?

Look, when you make up your mind,
let me know.

Rachel, did those transfer papers
for Matthews come through?

On your desk, sir.

Sir, is Agent Matthews
going someplace?

Miami.

He's gonna be assistant SAC.

Going to the top, that boy.

Sir.

Sorry.

You know, I'll meet whoever
you want me to meet.

Good.

Oh, I hope she's not a fatty.

Joel Myers, Gracie Hart.

Oh, yes.

Yes.

I can work with this.

You will be my Mona Lisa,
my Sistine Chapel.

- I will find the sculpture in the stone.

- Slow down, da Vinci.

How do you feel about a pushup bra?

How do you feel about
a genital-shocking taser gun?

I'm open to it.

Okay.

Are you open to new experiences,
like becoming the face of the FBI?

- I did the pageant, I can do this.

- That was three days. This is your life.

That was teaching a dog
a few new tricks.

This is teaching a dog
to become a butterfly.

Not that you're a dog.

They generally have smoother hair.

Look, just... You know, just tell me
what you want me to do, and I'll do it.

- Rule number one, no hitting.

- What?

The face of the FBI uses her words,
not her fists or a chair.

Rule number two,
chew with your mouth closed.

- You don't know how I eat.

- You have ketchup stains all over you.

How did they get there
if they didn't fall from an open orifice?

I don't know.

Maybe I walked under a ketchup tree.

Rule number three, no snorting.

Why don't you just take the list.

And I truly believe you are capable

of great class and style.
And, may I say, I also recently
went through a breakup.
I didn't go through a breakup.
Puffy eyes, no sleep, irritable.
And some of the other agents
told me about it.
But believe me, you do as I say,
and you will make him regret it...
...because people care about people
who care about themselves.
- So it's all in here?
- No, it's all in here.
America wants a star.
So you have to become a star.
You have to dress and treat
your friends like you're a star.
You have to treat yourself like a star.
Before you...
I know, I know. I'm a big star!
Our next guest was the runner-up
at last year's Miss United States pageant.
We found out
she was actually an FBI agent...
...on a mission to thwart an attack
on the pageant.
You can read about it
in her new book...
...From Misdemeanors
to Miss Congeniality.
Here's Agent Gracie Hart.
- Hi, Gracie.
- Regis. Good to see you.
- Joy.
- How are you?
- What a great suit.
- Thank you, and you look fabulous.
- Thank you.
- This is not how I picture an FBI agent.
You don't look anything
like J. Edgar Hoover.
Oh, really? Because this is his dress.
- Listen, I watched the pageant...
- I bet you did, Regis.

Every year, actually. It's embarrassing.

My favorite part was the women's self-defense thing, you know?

Could you give us an encore?

Actually, I don't do that anymore.

I have someone who does it for me.

So, if I could, I'd like to bring out a little friend of mine, Agent Sam Fuller...

...who will be helping us with the demonstration.

Here she is.

So, Regis, if we could have you come over to the mat.

Fuller.

Stand right here with Fuller in front of you.

- All right, Regis, grab her.

- She looks angry.

- Do I have to grab her?

- Go ahead. She has no place else to be.

All right, ladies, if you'll please remember, the word is "SING." Solar plexus...

...instep...

...nose...

...and groin.

- Not the groin! No!

Very nice. Thank you, Agent Fuller.

Come on, Regis, let's get you up.

Thanks, Gracie. And as a special treat for knocking my husband around...

...I have a little surprise for you.

I think you know these people.

Here's Cheryl Frazier, Miss United States, and Stan Fields, host of the pageant.

It's you!

- I love your lipstick.

- You do? Stila made it for me.

- They named it after me. It's called Gracie.

- That makes sense.

- You did something to your hair.

- Just a couple of highlights.

- A couple?

- Okay, okay...

...Miss I'll-Never-Grow-My-Bangs-Out-

Because-It'll-Make-My-Face-Too-Long.

I feel we should all be sitting
under dryers.

That's what happens
when best friends get together.

Wish we could have invited my best friend,
Roger Coleman...

...but he got hit
by a Goodwill truck last week.

Really?

Don't we have a commercial coming up?

Please.

- It's so good to see you.

- It's so good to see you. L...

Gracie, I'm sorry to interrupt.

We have another taping.

Oh, Cheryl, Joel Myers, my stylist.

Miss United States, such a joy to meet you.

This is my hair assistant, Janine.

- A pleasure.

- And on makeup and bass guitar, Pam.

- Your Majesty.

- And you're having a bad crown day.

Excuse me, private conversation
in progress.

- Ticktock.

- Okay.

I'm sorry I haven't called in a while.

Don't apologize. We'll have plenty of time
to talk once I'm de-queened.

- Oh, that sounds painful.

- Oh, I really miss you.

- And Eric.

- Oh, well...

...actually Eric and I
aren't Eric and I anymore.

- What? Since when?

- Oh, just 10 months.

- Ten months?

- Yeah, I didn't wanna bother you.

You're busy, I'm busy. I didn't wanna call
and say, "We broke up. " It's no big deal.

Miss Hart? My daughter

would love your John Hancock.

- What's her name?

- Lauren.

Lauren.

So, what happened?

Oh, I just had to end it because he was getting, you know, really clingy.

Yeah, but I'm fine. I'm good. I'm great.

We need to get to Live at 5 for a wrestling demonstration...

...then there's a cocktail party at your publisher's apartment.

I could go for a little tanning time.

You're gonna go for a little unemployment time in about two seconds.

Could you be a sweetheart and get me a Starbucks?

I am dying for an iced Venti Caramel Macchiato.

Get yourself a little something too.

Let me tell you when I'm gonna get you an iced Venti Caramel Macchiato.

When they elect a black woman president of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Okay. And if that happens, I'd also like one of those little muffins.

Where would you like it?

Fuller, I'm sensing a little subtle hostility, and I think we should talk about it.

Fuller, you shouldn't keep things bottled up.

- Fuller! What is your problem?

- The problem is, I don't like you.

Why don't you quit. I let you have this job as a favor to McDonald...

...because no one outside of the canine unit would work with you...

...because of your little attitude problem.

- You know what? I'm out of here.

Wait. Are you still going to Starbucks?

Go!

No one beats my little bro!

Let's go, let's go, pay up.

Come on, pay up.

Come on, who's next?

Let's get the bets on the table because...

- Yeah?

- Is he there?

- Yeah, he's here.

- Well, has he got my money?

Hold on, I'll ask.

Excuse me, Highlander, you owe

Mr. Grant 500 bucks. You got it?

Get lost.

He says he doesn't have it, Mr. Grant.

Okay! Okay!

He seems to have discovered

some cash, Mr. Grant.

Good. All right,

I got another one for you boys.

Who's the mark?

This is gonna be one for your scrapbook.

- Thank you very much. Your name, please?

- Octavia.

I was wondering if you could tell me

what skin-care regimen you use.

Well, I like to catch as many felons

as possible.

It really gets the heart pumping, and the increased circulation helps my complexion.

- There you go. Thank you very much.

- Thank you.

- Hey.

- Hey. Your name, please?

- Priscilla.

- Priscilla.

I have to do a book report.

And I wanna do it on your book

because I wanna be an agent too.

Oh, well, good for you.

Thank you, Priscilla.

- Hi. Your name is?

- Angela.

The other kids are doing their report

on Beyonc or Britney...

...but if you come to my school and talk,

they'd see why being an agent is so cool...

...and stop getting on me.

- I would really love to...

...but as you can see,
the agency's got me pretty busy.
There you go. Thank you.
What you could do is pull your hair up once
in a while. It would open up your face...
...because remember, people care about
people who care about themselves.

- Okay.

- Hi. Your name is?

- Jason.

- Jason.

If you change your mind, it's P.S. 31,
Priscilla, Miss Gordan's class.
Got it. Thank you very much.
Your name, please?

- James.

- Wait!

You're not writing it down!
Bureau training. I can retain
enormous amounts of information.
P.S. 31, Priscilla,
Miss Gordan's class. See?
And don't forget the hair tip.
Try some bows.

- There you go. Thank you.

- Nice to meet you.

And sorry to hear what happened
to Miss United States.
What happened?
Cheryl Frazier was last seen outside
this Las Vegas senior-citizen home...
...accompanied by longtime pageant host,
Stan Fields.
The two were walking to a limo
after a goodwill mission...
...visiting the residents here.
Apparently, Miss United States
and emcee Fields were forced into a truck...
Are they hurt? Are they alive?
What demands have been made?
That's all we know. You'll find out more
when you get to Vegas.
The director wants you
to handle publicity on this.

Public sees you on TV,
they'll feel reassured.

Absolutely, whatever I can do to help.

Get your beauty team assembled
immediately. The jet leaves at 0800.

I want you to have a bodyguard out
of New York. They're strapped in Vegas.

- Sir, why do I need a bodyguard?

- Crowd control.

You're gonna be
the hottest celebrity in Vegas.

- Assuming Wayne Newton isn't in town.

- Oh, of course, sir. "Danke Schoen. "

Fuller! I want you on a plane
to Vegas with Hart.

She's gonna do publicity
on the Cheryl Frazier kidnapping.

Not going.

- Did you just refuse an order?

- I can't take her, sir.

I'll kill her. And I'll enjoy it.

Fuller, you are this close to being gone.

Nobody wants to work with you
in Chicago or here.

That's fine by me. I like to work alone.

Then become a lighthouse keeper.

This is the FBI. We like partners.

She's a pain in the ass.

She's conceited and...

Keep people off her. Keep her safe. You
be a good bodyguard, I'll find you a partner.

You blow this, you're gone. Period.

And by the way,

I loved you both on Regis.

- Grant.

- Boys.

Mr. Grant.

Let's see what you got for me.

- Stan Fields and...

- Miss United States.

You know what the pageant
will pay to get her back? Millions.

- So you're saying we hold her for ransom?

- No.

I hold her for ransom,
and you get a taste.
Bring her to my car.
I'm a little bit hungry.
Hey! We grabbed her.
Moron, you can't handle this job.
The feds will come right down on you.
Don't call me a moron. I got a BA
in Fine Arts, and my brother...
- Don't call me a moron.
- You were unemployed when I found you.
You couldn't keep a job
on the show in the Strip.
I made that show! It was my concept.
Then suddenly they change it and tell me
and Lou we're not up to their standards.
You work for me now.
- Lou.
- I'm there.
Bring me back up!
She's yours! She's all yours!
Let me up! Let me up.
Just let me up.
Oh, God, let me up.
Next time, he lets go.
You guys are crazy!
Now what?
Now we do exactly what he said.
We ransom her.
Please be careful.
My guns are in that Fendi.
Thank you. Thank you.
Please tell me you have tickets
to see Cirque du Soleil.
- I'm your bodyguard.
- What?
McDonald thinks we have a bond
because of our performance on Regis...
...and TRL, Oprah, the Food Network.
Oh, hey, hey, we got some great recipes
from that one. The lemon chicken? Tangy.
Now, look, like all great teams,
Hope and Crosby, Fred and Ginger...
...Outkast...

...the end must come...
...so bye-bye.
Let me make this simple for you, Hart.
McDonald gave me a mission...
...so that plane does not take off
unless we're both on it. Got it?
You might consider a Tic Tac.
Please...
...we're trying to cooperate.
- Shut your mouth.
- You can't talk to her like that.
- You trying to tell me what to do?
- No, I'm just the emcee.
I've heard you sing.
Lucky I don't shoot you now.
Okay, let's line this up.
- And...
- I don't have my crown.
- Who cares?
- I care.
- Fine.
- Thousands of women...
...all across America care.
- Give her the crown.
When in public, Miss United States
always proudly wears her crown.
Okay?
All right, let's go again.
One, two, action.
We've been kidnapped,
and there's two men here...
...who say they're gonna kill us
by Friday at midnight.
But I don't want anyone
to pay them any money.
- Cut!
- That would be giving in to terrorism...
...and I'm Miss United States...
- Cut!
... and I stand for fairness and decency...
...and the American way!
I said, cut!
I'd be happy to say it if you'd like.
I've done quite a bit of theater.

I played ligo in Twelfth Night.

Put two more choppers up.

Sir.

- Gracie Hart.

- Yes.

- I'm Walter Collins.

- Sir.

I feel as though

I'm in the presence of royalty.

Oh, no, sir, I'm not queen,

just runner-up.

I would like to present to you

Agent Sam Fuller.

- Fuller.

- Sir.

- Joel Myers, Janine and Pam.

- Joel, Janine, Pam.

Why don't we get you to the hotel

while I give the agents a debriefing.

Oh, that's too bad. It's been months

since I've had a good debriefing.

Although, I'm really more

of a boxers man.

Okay, wrong audience.

Agent Hart, Agent Fuller,

this is Agent Foreman. He's your liaison.

- You need anything, Jeff is your boy.

- Good.

Welcome to Las Vegas

When my girlfriend found out that I would

be working with you, she almost died.

Yeah, she's an agent too.

She actually thought

that I was gonna fall for you.

- I told her... I said, "Janet, there's no way... "

- Foreman, we talked about this.

Sorry, sir. Anyway, you're obviously

too old for me, so...

Oh, good, well, that's a load off.

Frazier and Fields make an appearance

at a senior center for a program...

...where the elderly spend time with kids.

Mr. Fields' mother is there.

I think what you're doing here...

...shows that different generations
have so much to learn from each other.
I mean, I know I learned a lot
from my grandmother...
...specifically, how to kill a chicken.
And even though it wasn't something
I enjoyed doing...
...I'll never forget the sound
of their death squawks.
But if I had to kill a chicken,
I'd know how.
They finish their appearance.
Head for the limo,
where they're attacked and kidnapped.
We got this video
from a surveillance camera.
All we have is two hooded figures, the
make of the truck and a fake license plate.
We talked to the limo driver, but he says
he didn't see anything. And that's it.
These are your briefing folders.
Hart, you have a press conference
at your hotel at 0900 tomorrow morning.
- Call me if there's any questions.
- Sir?
- We have to find her.
- I'll find her.
I know we're on a tight schedule...
...but if you guys wanna see any shows,
just let me know. Janet can get us tickets.
I don't know how she does it,
but she does it.
She's really great.
Expert marksman. She bakes.
Oh, almost forgot.
Here are your coded ID cards.
You're gonna need these to get into
the Bureau. And here are your earpieces.
We're... Thanks.
We're gonna be on frequency 1145.
Sorry, that is not FBI issue.
That's a sweater that I bought for Janet
for her birthday.
And that's the hat that goes with it.

Argyle. She's Scottish.

Janet McCarren.

Look, I'm sorry. I'm just really in love.

Where's the best place
for me to throw up?

Well, I am thrilled for you, Jeff.

Because, unlike Agent Fuller,
I, too, am carbon-based.

The Venetian Hotel.

Miss Hart!

What a fantastic pleasure. I am Roberto
Fenice, manager of the Venetian Hotel.

- Oh, hello.

- Your wish is my command.

Oh, well, I wish you wouldn't kiss
my watch. It's not water-resistant.

Although it's more action
than I've had in months, so go ahead.

- Miss Hart, you are delicious.

- Mr. Fenice.

Hi, I'm Agent Foreman.

This is Agent Sam Fuller.

- Oh, my gosh! It's Gracie Hart!

- You're kidding!

- Where?

- Right there!

Gracie!

Gracie! Hey! Grac...

Fuller!

- Oh, my!

- Fuller!

All right, down! Down!

Too much, too much, too much.

Fuller, Fuller.

Fuller, I don't think you fully understand
the concept of "too much"!

Hey, McDonald told me
to keep people off you.

And I don't think grandpa's coming back.

At least, not under his own power.

Maybe we should've stayed
at Treasure Island, huh?

- You don't see that in Jersey.

- It's the best.

A ships sinks, and there's all these scantily clad sailors around.

- Makes me wanna join the Navy.

- Yeah, you are just what they're looking for.

Hey, Hart, you sure this suite is big enough for you?

I can fit my entire room inside your steam shower.

Feel free to move in there.

Yeah, right. Right, let's go over this schedule for tomorrow.

- Gracie?

- Yes.

Gracie, there's something about Cheryl on the TV.

We just received what appears to be a ransom video...

...which was e-mailed to our studios a few hours ago from an anonymous source.

It was sent from an unknown location.

We've been kidnapped.

And there's two men here...

...who say they're going to kill us by Friday at midnight...

...unless they're paid \$5 million by the pageant.

Once again, that's \$5 million by Friday at midnight.

I can't just sit here. I have to do something.

I should just see...

You should do exactly what you came here to do, Hart.

Press conference at 9.

Limos.

Limos, limos, limos.

- Call for you, sir. Line two.

- Thank you.

- Collins.

- Yes, sir, hi, this is Gracie Hart.

I was looking at the visuals, and I noticed that the limousine...

- We talked to the limo driver.

- I realize that, but...

- We've got something on aerial.

- Don't worry about it.

Get some rest.

Have a nice press conference.

Okay.

Thank you, Janet.

Yeah, hi, is this Desert Limo Service?

Yeah, I'm trying to locate
one of your drivers.

A Mr. Tom Abernathy.

Hi, is Gracie Hart there, please?

I have FBI Director Wilson on the line.

We need to speak with her ASAP, please.

Is Gracie Hart here? Gracie Hart?

- Is somebody calling for Gracie Hart?

- Yes, ma'am.

I'm Gracie Hart.

- I recognize her! Gracie Hart's here!

- Yes?

- It's FBI Director Wilson, ASAP. ASAP.

- Director Wilson. Thank you. Hart here.

Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

Yes, sir. I'm on it.

Thank you very much.

Okay, sir, bye-bye.

- Would you please sign this?

- Oh, sure, I...

My mom loves you.

- And she does not love easily.

- I love you too, Gracie.

- You're fabulous.

- You've got such great...

Thank you, guys, so much
for your support.

I'm here on business to talk to this man
about the Miss United States kidnapping.

- Mr. Abernathy?

- Yeah?

What did you do?

He was driving the limousine
that Cheryl Frazier and Stan Fields were in...
...the day they were kidnapped.

I wanted to know why you parked so far
away from the entrance of the home.

Yeah, why would you do that? Why?

So if I could show you something...
Well, it's not these. It's not my badge.
Well, what do you...?
It's my deployment schedule...
...and if you can look where it says
"tomorrow's events. "
- Yeah, go ahead, read aloud.
- "Nine a. m. Press conference...
...at the Venetian"?
- Speak up, we cannot hear you!
He said, "9 a. m. Press conference
at the Venetian"...
...where I will be in front
of channels two, four...
I mean, well, everybody's invited.
And I will probably have to say
that Tom Abernathy is a suspect.
Why are you doing this to me?
Because I wanna find my friends.
And because you are sweating
in all three stress spots...
...that people routinely start sweating in
before they undergo public humiliation.
I had it on Letterman.
Okay, everybody,
I would love to stay and chat...
...but I have to go pick out my outfit
for the press conference.
- Oh, what time was that again?
- Nine!
Thank you. Watch the news,
I'll do a little shout out.
Thanks, Gracie.
Hey! Hey! Hold up! Hold up. Wait.
Okay. Somebody came up to me
the day before.
She offers me 200 bucks if I will park
far away from the entrance at the home...
...and that's it. That's all I know, I swear.
- She? What did she look like?
- Oh, Miss Hart, would you mind?
- Oh, I'm actually in a hurry.
- Is it true you're seeing Prince William?
- Oh, I'm...

No, we were just talking at a book party.
He's in love with me, but I hate castles.

- Sorry, sorry, sorry. Hey.

- Let me explain something to you.

You didn't do what was on the schedule,
and I'm a schedule-type person.

You missed the press conference.

I went to the Bureau because

I got a tip from the limo driver...

...who said that somebody

who looked like Dolly Parton...

...paid him not to park

in front of the senior home.

- Did you hear what you just said?

- Yeah.

And why did you go out

without clearing it with me?

Clearing it with you?

Hey, I'll bet no one's had breakfast...

I'm sorry, but I don't work for you.

Okay? You work for me, so...

- No, you didn't just say I work for you.

- You work for me.

- You work for me.

- Shut up.

- You work for me.

- Shut up.

Fuller, I don't have the time
for this, okay?

Listen, why don't we just get something...

Okay, look. I am the face of the Bureau.

You are here to help me be the face of the
Bureau, which means that you work for me.

It's no big...

Look, Hart, I am your bodyguard.

That means I need a body to guard!

You hit me, which means

I could bring you up on charges.

If I could just bring myself up
right now.

Okay, look, I don't work for you.

You don't work for me.

We're a team. Get it? As in "I will kick your
sorry ass if you don't listen to me" team.

If you remember correctly,
it was "skinny ass. "
And, second of all,
what is your problem, Fuller?
Do you honestly feel it's okay to go around
harassing people and bashing their faces in?
Guess what.
You will never make it in this Bureau...
...if you don't start using your head.
You just use...
What, you start listening to me now?
Stop it! Stop! Stop!
All right.
Fuller, violence is not the answer
to our problems, all right? It's not.
And I'm not just saying that
because I'm "scared" of you. Okay?
Because I'm... What is that?!
I am calling McDonald. Where's Joel?
I can't go into public like this.
Hey, how are you? Joel!
- Hello.
- You knocked my highlights off.
- What happened?
- Look!
- This will take an hour.
- Tell me about it.
- Misting.
- Ladies.
I really think we should call the networks
and set up another press conference.
You know what?
You're absolutely right. Okay.
I'm gonna go back up to the room.
I'm gonna get a little spritz, a little refresh...
It's her. It's her. Hold this.
- We are not questioning Dolly.
- It's not the real Dolly, so relax.
I know it's not. Stay away from her.
Okay, I'm an adult.
I can act as I please.
- You leave Dolly alone!
- Get your hands off me!
Thank you very much.

Excuse me, fake Dolly!
Hi. Hello. FBI here.
Yeah, I just would love to have
a few words with you if I could.
- Hi, how are you?
- How you doing?
Yeah, thank you for your support.
Yeah. Get off me, you stalker! Get off me!
Fake Dolly!
Where are you going?
Hart!
- Fake Dolly!
- Gracie!
- Stop!
- Hart, stop!
Dolly Parton!
What is it about this outfit that is making
everyone so uncooperative?
Gracie Hart!
Blondie! No pictures. Hold on.
Excuse me. I need for you to...
- Open! Just...
- Watch it!
- Someone stop that fake Dolly!
- Hart, stop!
Stop her!
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Please don't make me do something
that's not ladylike.
Okay, FBI. I have just a few questions
for you.
Me first! What is the matter with you?
Miss Hart! What are you doing?
Miss Parton is here for a press conference
to announce her new world tour.
There is no world tour,
and this is not Dolly Parton.
Okay, look. Look, these are absolutely...
What are you...? What is she doing?
That hurts!
- Why did you run?
- Some crazy woman was chasing me!
Excuse me, excuse me. Miss Parton, "Here
You Come Again" was my wedding song.

- I just love you.
- Honey, let's leave Miss Parton alone.
I love that song too.
That was an amazing song!
Why are you on top of me?
I'm just a big fan.
It's also on CNN...
...MSNBC...
...and Al Jazeera.
- I was trying to question her regarding...
- You really think you're something special.
I have got 75 people
working on this case day and night...
...and they don't stack up to you, do they?
- The limo driver...
I want you off this case.
Well, I am sorry, sir, but you don't have
the authority to kick me off this case.
I could call the director,
who happens to be a close, personal friend.
Or I could even call the president,
who invited me to dinner at his house.
And I think we know which house
I'm talking about, don't we? It's white.
Actually, it's eggshell, if you...
I am the SAC in Las Vegas.
I have authority over my territory.
And when the director sees you
on national television...
...nose-tackling his favorite country-western
singer, he will back me up.
Now, I want the two of you
on a jet back to New York today.
Do you think you can handle
that tiny, little task, Foreman?
Of course, sir.
Okay. I got you the last three seats
on the flight.
Janine, Pam, you have to take
the next one. Sorry.
- Because we're just hair and makeup?
- We could go to the bar.
For five hours?
Okay.

The director's gonna call me back
any minute.

Good. And when he does...

...you can let him know that chasing Dolly
was all your dumb idea.

Oh, really? Well, let me ask you something,
Chatty Cathy.

What happened to, "Team, yo.

You and me in it together"?

Don't do that again.

And that was before you ruined my career.

- What?

- Yeah.

McDonald said that if I screwed this up,
then I'm out of the Bureau. Thanks, Hart.

What are you complaining about?

You're not famous.

Nobody knows who you are.

You're a private failure.

But you see this? You see this?

Everybody knows this.

So if I screw up, I'm failure face.

Well, get your failure face
out of my ruined-career face...

...because right now I'm mad,
and I'm pissed off and mad, so...

Oh, okay, hold on.

So you're double mad?

Well, if you're double mad, then I am
mad, mad, mad. All right? Top that one.

- Back off!

- You gotta stop hitting me...

...because every time you do,
it wrinkles!

Ladies, ladies!

Calm down. Sit down. Sit down.

I'm gonna separate the two of you.

Mad, mad, mad, mad. Four.

I can still shoot her from here.

You have to lean over me
to get to her.

Now, let's calm down and try to focus
on the positive. We have our health.

- You'll be getting frequent-flyer miles.

- Foreman, what did you just say?
Frequent-flyer miles.
It's a great way to get upgrades.
No, you said that she...
You said that she would have
to lean over you to get to me.
Look at what the kidnappers are doing.
This guy is leaning over Cheryl
to get to Stan.
Why would they do that
if they were after Cheryl?
Okay, and look at this. Look at this.
They're not even touching her.
No, she's just stuck in there,
like a little Cheryl sandwich. She's... She's...
Oh, my God. She is grabbing them.
I taught her that wristlock.
- She's not defending herself. She's...
- She's defending Stan.
Maybe they weren't after Cheryl.
Maybe they were after Stan.
The man can't sing,
but is that a crime?
- That's what we're gonna find out.
- Hey, look, they're boarding.
- Let it go, Hart.
- Oh, Fuller, come on.
Wake up and smell the iced Venti Caramel
Macchiato. You know I'm onto something.
- Okay. Tell Collins.
- We have issues. He won't listen to me.
- And you think I am?
- Yes. Yes, I do.
You know, you don't get your miles unless
you're actually on the flight, so come on.
- You're on your own, Hart.
- No, I'm not.
Because even though you refuse to dress up
or separate those eyebrows...
...you cannot deny that you have a style.
Gray suit, white shirt, masculine shoes.
You are an FBI agent.
And that is all that you have.
And like you said, if you go back there now,

you are out of the Bureau.
Now boarding all rows
on flight 624 to New York.
Fuller, I am begging you.
Do you have any idea
how painful this is for me?
Usually, they give an epidural
for this kind of agony.
Fuller, please, just... Just, please.
Hart, you better be right, or I swear...
You're gonna kick my skinny white ass
and break my face. I know.
I already paid for the seats, and I don't
get reimbursed unless you're on the flight.
I'm letting you spend the night
because I wanna keep my eyes on you.
- Tomorrow, you guys are on a flight.
- Okay, as soon as we go to the home.
- Whose home?
- Where Stan Fields' mother lives.
She was the last person to see him.
Maybe she knows something.
You're supposed to be in New York. You're
famous. Everyone there will recognize you.
Not to worry. Joel will come up
with something to make us blend.
- He's a born blender.
- I don't believe this.
You guys are lucky
that Janet had to work late...
...because if she was here,
she would not put up with any of this.
Now, Janet... Janet runs a tight ship.
I love shopping in Vegas. Where else can
you find a 24-hour wiggery? Well, to work.
Hey, hey! That's my room! Hey!
Hey!
- I never would have suspected.
- What?
You as a dainty-travel-pillow type.
- It's hypoallergenic.
- Oh, really?
- And what are you allergic to?
- Besides you?

Shellfish, cats, dogs,
any type of animal dander...

...dairy products, dust...

- You should be in a plastic bubble.

- Plastic.

- That explains it.

- Explains what?

- Why you're so angry.

- I'm not angry, I'm allergic.

All I was saying was that it just,
you know...

...couldn't have been easy

being a kid sick like that all the time.

I mean, not being able to have a dog

or a cat or ice cream or dust.

It wasn't bad.

- Really?

- I got to hang out with my dad a lot.

He was a sportswriter, so we got to watch
all the games on TV together...

...and he taught me how to box.

Taught me how to take care of myself.

Well, I'm sure he was very proud of you.

Was?

Yeah, I read on your file that he died
before you became an agent.

- You read my file?

- I had to make sure you weren't crazy.

- Yeah. Turns out you can't trust a file.

- Yeah, well, I guess you can't.

I thought I would've liked a tough tomboy
from Jersey whose mom was an agent.

- You read my file?

- Worse.

Your book.

Had to make sure you weren't crazy.

Turns out you can't trust a book.

Yeah, they brought in this writer...

...who managed to turn the entire story
into some fairy tale.

In the first draft, he made it sound like
my mother died...

...single-handedly saving the country,
when all it was was just, you know, a...

It was just a drug bust gone bad.
Sorry.
Sorry about your dad.
But I'm mostly sorry
you had to read that book.
I like the pictures, though.
Oh, really?
Yeah, especially that one with that guy.
What was his name?
Which one?
The agent, the one
that was in the pageant with you.
Eric Matthews.
Yeah. He was hot.
I guess.
Night, Hart.
Good night, Fuller.
Foreman, we're in. Approaching target.
Welcome to Prestige Assisted Living.
How can I help you?
Hi, I'm Joel Flammenbaum,
and this is my mother.
Ida. Ida Flammenbaum. How are you?
This is my lovely nurse, Rosie.
- Hello.
- She's not very social...
...but she gives a superb enema
if you're feeling a little clogged up.
Are you interested
in touring our facilities?
Oh, yes, we are very interested.
I can't wait to get rid of her.
Oh, don't you listen to him. He's a mama's
boy. Come here, cutie. Let me fix your tie.
- He's such a mama's boy.
- Mom, not now.
Now, that is a mama's boy's face.
That's a mama's boy's face.
Do you have a euthanasia program?
We just need to fill out some forms.
If you'll just give me one minute.
Keep the receptionist busy.
We're gonna ask some questions,
assuming we can find anyone that can hear.

Hold my purse. Let's roll, Rosie.
Hello there. I'm Ida Flammenbaum.
I am new.
Well, I'm not new.
- And you are?
- Buster Harrison.
Oh, Buster. Is it true that Stan Fields'
mother is residing here?
Yes, she's right over there.
Carol? This is Ida.
She wanted to meet you.
Oh, Buster. Oh, Buster, I'm so sorry. Give
Buster one of your famous foot massages.
Hey. While I'm at it, how about one
of my famous enemas?
Can you get two of them in a day?
Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Fields.
Sounds like the cookie. It's very funny.
Not after you've heard it
for 30 years, Ida.
I'm sure. I just wanted
to come over here...
...and tell you how very sorry I am
about the kidnapping.
Oh, yeah, poor, poor Stanley.
But he had it coming.
Really?
Well, from what I hear from everyone,
he's such a mensch.
- I mean, who would wanna hurt him?
- Well, you know, he loved the sluts.
He loved the sluts?
- The sluts!
- The sluts.
- The slut machines.
- Slot machines.
When he wasn't doing that pageant,
he was here in Vegas, gambling.
I don't know where he gets that from.
So you were saying... You were saying
that your son, he loves the slot machines.
I begged him to stop. I said to him:
"One of these days, gambling's
gonna get you in a lot of trouble. "

I lent him 600 bucks,
I never got it back.
I was ready to break his legs,
and I'm his mother.
Wait till the loan sharks
get ahold of him.
The loan sharks every time will get you.
They're very...
Loan shark.
- It's the loan sharks.
- Ida, you can walk!
- Praise Jesus!
- Moses.
Moses, I am walking again.
Sign me up for this place.
I love it here, and the men
make me all fakakta.
Jeff, why are we here?
- Because we had a deal, Gracie.
- Okay, look.
Deals are like pearls. They're lovely,
but they fall apart all the time.
I'm grabbing your luggage.
We're going to the airport.
Didn't you hear
what Stan's mother said?
Yes, I did. "Sluts. "
I wrote it down, all right?
"Loan shark. " That's why
we have to get back to the Bureau...
...do a CHC printout
of every loan shark in Vegas.
You can't go to the Bureau.
You are supposed to be in New York.
And that is why you can go
and you can take...
- No! No!
- Okay, look, Jeff...
...I don't like to use my gun unless it's
in self-defense or at a really good sale...
...but if you don't go back
and get those CHCs, I have to...
You know, I have to shoot you.
You won't do it, Gracie.

This is what I like.

Learning to work together.

A little "Ebony & Ivory" action.

- Guys, I can't do it.

- Stop being a wuss, Foreman. Be a man!

Yeah, like Fuller.

Okay. But this is it. Then we're going to the airport. Enough's enough.

- Absolutely. Okay.

- I'm putting my foot down.

He's putting his foot down.

Got some high-def tapes for the new ransom video. More production value.

Bro...

...maybe we should get out now.

Are you kidding? We got them where we want them. They're getting nervous.

But if they don't agree to our demands, we...

That's why we're making a new one.

We're gonna have Miss United States say we're moving up the deadline.

And either we get our cash wired to an offshore account tonight, or she's dead.

So, what do we do? Shoot them?

No. We're gonna kill them and get a little payback at the hotel.

You know how location is everything in Vegas, right?

Well, after we pull this off, Treasure Island's gonna be a big, ugly crime site.

- What, are we just gonna drive in?

- No.

Just before the show starts, we'll tie them up at the bottom of the boat.

That ship sinks, so long, Miss United States.

- Hey, guys.

- Foreman.

Nice job with Dolly Parton.

Yeah. We've been after Dolly for a long time, but it took you to finally bring her in.

- I can't do this.

- Yes, you can.

Remember what Louis Vuitton said,
"It's in the bag. " You can do this.

Okay.

He can't do this.

Going down like a fat woman
on a greased fire pole.

I heard that.

I'm going into the database.

- Great. Just keep us filled in.

- Okay.

Someone left a can of soda
by the keyboard.

I'm sweating profusely.

I think I left my oven on.

- We're printing.

- Awesome, Jeff. Awesome. You did it.

- Fuller just lost a bet.

- Not over yet.

- Agent Collins, if you could just answer a...

- Agent Collins!

All right, this is gonna be
the last question. Yes, go ahead.

What happens if tomorrow's deadline
comes and goes...

...and there's no break in the case?

We've spoken with the pageant
administration. We will not negotiate.

They have one choice, and that is to free
Miss Frazier and Mr. Fields, and that's it.

- No more questions. Thank you.

- Just one more question!

- That's not right.

- What's not right?

No. It must be the height.

- Jeff. Jeff, what's up? What's up?

- It's Janet.

I'm not sure,

but I think she's with...

With what? With you?

Withholding evidence?

With child? With what?

With what?!

With Collins.

Foreman!

Foreman.

- What are you doing with CHCs?
- They're for the Miss United States case.
- What about that case?
- Were the two of you just...?

Jeff, chill! Okay, you've just gotta get out of there.

Foreman, why do you have those rap sheets?

A general database check to see if there were any suspects worth pursuing. I was doing a general database check to see if there were any suspects worth pursuing. Were you two just...?

This isn't a general database check. This is a felony-specific search for loan sharks.

Say you noticed on the kidnapping video...
...the assailants were attempting to abduct Stan Fields.

- Foreman, I want an answer.
- Say it again.

I want an answer.

- On the kidnapping video, the assailants...
- What is wrong with you?
- Say it faster.
- What's wrong with you?

The assailants were attempting to abduct Stan Fields...

...and you found out that Stan Fields had a gambling problem. Water.

I saw the assailants attempting to abduct Stan Fields...

...so I pursued the matter and found out he has a gambling problem.

You pursued the matter further?

Under whose authority?

- You've gotta lie, Foreman.
- Foreman, I am waiting.

Tell him that I'm dizzy from smashing a suspect's head into the wall...

...and I can't remember.

That always works.

You know what I like to do? Faint.

We can't do this, guys. He's honest.

- Jeff, tell him the truth.

- The truth?

- Are you sure?

- Am I sure I want the truth?

Foreman, I want you to get a CAT scan.

I didn't get this information.

Agents Hart and Fuller did.

- How? They're in New York.

- Well, at the airport...

They're not in New York.

Hart?

- Yes, sir.

- I assume that Agent Fuller is with you.

- Yes, sir.

- And Joel.

Hello, Walter.

I want all of you

in the situation room now.

- That is exactly what I want. That's right.

- Sir.

I want you to know that none of this
was Agent Foreman's idea.

Oh, I know, I know.

Because Foreman doesn't have any ideas.

This has you written all over it, Hart.

You've really gotta do things
your way, don't you?

Dolce and Gabbana always said we should
express our own personal style, sir.

- They were talking about a vest...

- You're no super agent.

You're just a loose cannon who lucked into
being in the right place at the right time.

You don't have to be that hard on her.

She was...

Oh, I am so glad you're with her
on this, Fuller...

...because you two are going down
together. The works.

- Review board, departmental hearings...

- Sir, we got another message e-mailed.

Show me.

- Play it.

- This is Cheryl Frazier.

Hi, again.

The deadline has been changed.

It's not tomorrow, it's tonight.

The kidnappers are going to fax instructions to the pageant...

...where the 5 million should be sent.

And if they don't receive it,

I'm going to be dead.

And I know it's a lot of money,

but it's my booty on the line.

- So...

- This is Stan Fields...

...and she's too young to die.

And I'm not as old as I look. So please.

We also got this, sir.

A clerk at a print store saw a suspicious man e-mail a message about an hour ago.

Aerial spotted a pickup truck matching the vehicle in the kidnapping video...

...heading south on 15.

- You see this?

This is real information.

Not Dolly Parton and senior homes.

That's how we do it in Vegas.

I want roadblocks on I-15

and increased surveillance at the airports.

- Foreman?

- Yes, sir.

I want you to put agents Hart, Fuller and Joel on the first flight back to New York.

To make sure there's no problem,

Okun and Hills will be going with you.

And if you get it wrong this time,

you are fired. Do you copy?

That won't be necessary, because nobody is getting fired, and nobody is leaving.

Wrong again, Hart!

And if I ever see you in my city again, you can forget about the review board.

I will have you arrested

for obstruction of justice...

...and you can spend a very long time in Las Vegas, in a jail cell.

I have really had just about enough of your rudeness and insensitivity and cologne.

Oh, really? And what are you gonna do about it? Call the director?

Go ahead. I got off the phone with him.

Know what he said?

He said that you are the biggest mistake he ever made.

And he said, and I quote...

...that you "have become a liability and an embarrassment to the Bureau. "

Now, get going.

Okun.

It's Collins.

Yes, sir, we're at the airport.

- Is he mad at me?

- Sorry, sir, I'm losing you.

- Does he wanna talk to me?

- Foreman! Leave him alone!

Now boarding, flight 624 to New York.

Yeah. I was looking at your ad...

...and I was wondering if you have a Dolly Parton performer.

No?

Okay.

Hart, maybe you were right about Dolly.

Maybe you just had the wrong Dolly.

- You don't know if they have a Dolly.

- They don't.

I just called there, and they said the only place in Vegas...

...that has a Dolly Parton performer is the Oasis Drag Club.

Just get on the plane, Fuller.

- Do you wanna save Cheryl or not?

- I'm gonna get her killed.

What's up with you? What happened to that girl from the pageant?

She's gone.

Her boyfriend, Eric Matthews, broke up with her, and it was absolutely devastating.

Is that what happened to you?

Oh, that's pathetic. Come on.

Plenty of guys have broken up with me.

You just beat them up and move on.
Only you and Foreman
turn it into some big soap opera.
Well. Of course you don't understand
how Jeff feels, because he's not a cyborg.
He knows what it feels like
to be rejected and humiliated.
To feel your heart ripped open...
...because you finally took a chance
on that relationship...
...and it wound up confirming
your worst fears...
...that you are worthless
and not worth caring about.
So you may not understand,
but that is how Jeff feels.
Matthews was right to dump you.
- Take that back.
- I would say, "Make me," but you can't.
Okay.
All right. Well...
...then I just have two things to say.
- What?
- First of all, we are in a public place...
...so we have to display a sense
of decorum, and second of all...
...I might break a nail.
Take it back! Take it back.
Jeez!
All the stuff that Collins said back there
was a bunch of bull.
You figured out the limo driver was dirty.
You figured out that they were after Stan.
You're not lucky. You're good.
Thank you. But take it back,
take it back, take it back.
Okay, I'll take it back.
I'll take it back if you admit one thing.
Oh, God!
For the first time in a long time,
you feel like the real Gracie Hart.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Straining muscles

cutting off someone's air supply.
Sweating like a pig.
You're right, I feel like a woman again.
Good. I take it back. Now release.
You first.
- On three.
- One.
Two. Three.
Oh, no.
Okay, just to show you I trust you.
Now boarding all passengers
for flight 624 to New York.
Thanks.
All right.
Okay, kids, time for the circus
to leave town.
Come on, girls.
How are we gonna get rid of these guys?
I don't know. But it has to be subtle.
Keep it moving.
God!
Lordy!
Ladies' time.
I have the cramps. I have to...
I have to go to the bathroom.
There's one on the plane.
I know, but, guys, PMS for me means
"pants might shred," so I gotta...
- Forget it, Hart.
- Guys, you don't understand. I bloat.
I take on water, and I expand, and I may
change the cabin pressure of that plane.
I gotta take her to the bathroom.
- I need a tampon!
- You heard her, we got a agent down.
We need tampons!
- I'm not getting those.
- I don't do it for my wife.
This is a job for a real man.
Any particular brand?
- Any brand.
- Janet liked the ones in the blue box...
...with the daisies on it.
You're really not following this, are you?

Something's up.

Tampons.

Give them a couple minutes.

Zero-one, what do you got?

- No movement. Good to go.

- Copy that. Griffin, go to green.

FBI! Get down!

- Nobody move!

- Clear!

Sir, it's empty.

You heard the FBI, bro.

They're not gonna pay.

They'll pay, or we'll kill Fields
and Frazier.

Let's see them explain that
at their press conference.

- How'd you know they'd come?

- Choppers.

Twice a day they fly to Vegas
to do traffic reports...

...but that last one didn't come
at rush hour.

I knew it was them.

I said, stay down!

Griffin, secure a 500-foot perimeter
and get me something.

Tire tracks, cigarette butts for DNA,
but something.

You got it, sir.

Sir, I just got a call from Agent Okun.
Hart didn't get on the plane.

I need a minute with Agent McCarren.

Well, apparently, she faked a case
of cramps and escaped with Fuller.

Where's your idiot boyfriend?

Ex-boyfriend! He was on his way to buy
tampons for her when he left with them.

Oh, well, how very, very considerate.

I don't have time for this.

She is ruining my investigation!

She's just trying to get another bestseller
out of this, Walter.

This should be your bestseller.

You're right.

You're right.

I want you to find her and Fuller
and arrest them for obstruction of justice.

We're in the clear. Joel, where are they?

Someone's gonna see us.

They said they had to get ready
for the mission.

Well, we are running out of time.

- Come on, Laverne and Shirley, move it!

- Ready?

- Armed.

- And fabulous, except for the...

Let's go. Jeff, you got the rap sheets.

All right, this guy...

This guy's still in prison.

This guy is too short
to match the surveillance video.

This guy is...

This guy's brothers with this guy.

Burglary, grand theft auto.

Hold on. How are we supposed
to get to Dolly?

We go to the drag club,
flash our badges and interrogate her.

And if she doesn't cooperate?

Violence. I have some catching up to do.

Then she's gonna call the cops and say
that she was attacked by Gracie Hart.

Then Collins is gonna find out about it,
and we'll all end up in the big house.

- We gotta blend in.

- Not to worry.

I know what to do. I've been waiting
for this moment my entire life.

Let's go over this again. We're not leaving
until we find and interrogate Dolly Parton.

That's something

I never thought I'd say. Jeff?

- I'm backup. If Dolly tries to flee, I got her.

- I'm gonna check out the dressing rooms.

I'm really just here to have a good time.

Oh, God, I just don't see why

I couldn't be Tina.

- You don't see that?

- I am the Tina Turner fan.
Ladies, knock it off. We are here
to get information. Earpieces in?
All right, let's move.
- I wanna go in there.
- Go backstage?
Liza plus two, you're up next.
Hello. I'm Elizabeth Taylor.
What do we have here?
Tina and?
- Coco.
- Where do you think you're going?
The only people who get to go
to the dressing rooms are our regulars...
...and our open-mikers
after they pass round one.
Could you step aside, Coco?
And you are?
She's classy, she's lovely,
she's perfect to a T.
My very favorite, Liza with a Z.
- Foreman.
- Jeff? Hi, it's Janet.
I just wanted to talk to you about us.
- Now's not a good time.
- Is that Liza Minnelli in the background?
Yeah. On the radio.
I'm just home, listening to Liza.
I don't want it to end this way.
I know that you're mad at me,
but I still care about you...
- Got it.
- Just give me a call if you get a chance.
Two-block radius of Koval and Harmon.
Liza Minnelli. I know where he is.
Let's move.
Oh, you go, Miss Minnelli!
You are definitely on to the next round.
Why don't you go rest up backstage.
Wasn't she wonderful?
Bad news. We want in those
dressing rooms, we have to perform.
I am not going out there as a woman
pretending to be a man...

...pretending to be Tina Turner.
I can't afford therapy on my salary.
What other choice do we have?
No! No!
You can do this. Okay, you can
because you are Sam Fuller, FBI...
...and nothing scares you.
I am Gracie Hart...
...and at this moment, I am also Big Bird,
and nothing scares me...
...except losing Cheryl because having
a friend like her, having any friend, for me...
...is a really, really rare thing, okay?
Okay, but I am not singing.
Fabulous Tina Turner!
Everything is gonna be okay.
Just be Tina-ish.
- You can do Tina.
- Just take it.
- I am not singing.
- Just take it.
How come he gets to go first?
I was here before him!
It's all right here on my list, in alphabetical
order. Tina, then Tina, then Tina.
And you're all doing the same song anyway.
What's the difference? Hit it.
Smile.
- You smiling?
- I am smiling.
Come on, boys!
Bring back Liza!
Thank you and good night.
No, no, we have to stay here.
Stay here. Shake. Shake.
Oh, shoot. He's gonna give us the hook.
Sell it, Tina.
Rolling.
- I found Dolly!
- What's he saying?
Tinas of the world, unite!
Take the stage!
Shake!
I found Dolly.

He picked me up at the bar...
...and invited me to dressing room five.
I'm glad I wore the heels.
- Joel found Dolly in dressing room five.
- Got it.
- We need a big finish.
- Maybe I should take my top off.
No, we need a good big finish.
- Pick me up.
- No.
FBI. Pick me up!
Settle down, settle down.
- Smile!
- Well, I personally didn't love it...
...but what's love got to do with it?
The crowd decides and tonight
the drinks must be strong...
...because this Tina's moving on
to the next round!
Come on, come on!
All right, he said dressing room
number five.
It's that one right there.
Joel, let us handle this.
- He invited me!
- I'll get you his phone number.
Hello? Can I help you boys?
What do you know about
the Miss United States kidnapping?
Tom Abernathy, the limo driver.
You paid him 200 bucks to park far away
from the entrance to the senior home. Why?
I don't know what you're talking about.
Please leave.
You know, normally I would calmly
interrogate you, but I'm kind of in a rush.
- I don't know anything!
- Talk!
- No, please! It wasn't me. It was some guy.
- What guy?
I met him when I was a keno girl
at Treasure Island.
I borrowed money from him
and couldn't pay it back.

- He said he would dump...

- What was his name?!

Ken? Cal? Karl? I don't remember.

He didn't tell me his last name.

Karl.

- Karl Steele was on that sheet.

- One of the brothers.

Lou and Karl Steele, armed robbery, grand theft auto. You met him at Treasure Island.

- Let's go.

- Where are we going?

Treasure Island,

that's where they took them.

- How do you know?

- Dolly said the Steele brothers were pirates.

Janet is here with backup.

I repeat, Janet is here.

Jeff?

- Where is she?

- Where is who?

- You are a lousy liar, Jeff.

- Yeah.

And you're a good one.

- How are we gonna get out of here?

- I don't know, but it has to be subtle.

Ladies and gentlemen, the next show will be in 20 minutes.

Okay, let's go.

You both keep your mouths shut, or you're dead.

The Steele brothers were fired from the Treasure Island show.

Cheryl said something about her booty being on the line.

Cheryl would never refer to her ass as a booty or refer to her ass, period.

She calls it a po-po.

- Excuse me! Excuse me!

- Excuse us!

- FBI. We need your car.

- Well, that's not gonna happen.

Get lost. Hey!

Hart, Hart! Too much!

Yeah, I know, but now I kind of see

why you enjoy it so much.

You are fine citizens, and you will get your car back. Thank you very much.

- All right.

- Okay, here I come.

- I'm sorry. I'm gonna turn.

- Okay.

Sorry, sorry. What did Joel do, weld this thing on...?

Just keep quiet, do as you're told and nobody gets hurt.

I believe him.

Don't you believe him, Cheryl?

- He wouldn't lie about a thing like that.

- Will you just shut up?!

Jeff.

Jeff! Gracie and Sam went to...

Go on, if you don't wanna spend a few years in prison...

...for obstruction of justice.

Which prison?

Just in case I don't get a chance to say it...

...I'm sorry for getting on you about that whole Matthews thing.

It was none of my business.

That's all right.

I scared him off.

But the thing is, right, he came back to save me.

I mean, why would somebody come back to save someone if they didn't have...

...feelings? You know?

I'm sure he liked you,

but maybe he was just doing his job.

Maybe.

Men. Can't live with them, you can't...

- No, that's about it.

- Yep.

Okay, hold on.

Come on!

- Okay! Clearly that's not working.

- Don't start with me, Tina.

Are we gonna die?

Not if you develop gills
in the next five minutes.
Let's go back through the casino.
Okay. I'm gonna take this side,
you take that...
The Steele brothers.
Lou! Lou and Karl Steele, freeze! FBI!
Freeze! Freeze!
- Keep going.
- Move. Move, move.
Hey, hey!
We're gonna need more help
in sector four.
Where are Cheryl and Stan?
- Where?
- You're breaking my wrist.
- Where are Cheryl and Stan?
- They're at the bottom of the boat.
What boat?!
Lou!
I'm coming, bro!
- I got your back.
- No, no. I got this. You go for Cheryl.
- You sure?
- I've got this!
Twenty dollars on the sister.
You're good.
I'm gonna enjoy this.
- Nothing left to talk about, lady.
- I'm not gonna talk. I'm gonna sing!
Hope you weren't planning on reproducing.
- I'm coming! I'm coming!
- Gracie!
Everything's gonna be okay.
- I've got you. Can you swim?
- Can I swim?
I made junior lifesaver at Camp Mondago.
I was captain of the miniature golf team.
- Stan, just go! Go, go!
- Not without Cheryl!
- Stan, I have her! Go! Go!
- Okay.
- Where?
- The back is blocked.

- Go to the nearest porthole. Right here.

- Oh, okay.

There's a cannon in my porthole!

- Pull! Come on, hurry!

- My God!

It's moving!

- Go!

- Here I go. Here I go.

Gracie!

Hart jumped in a few minutes ago.

- Okun, Hills, help him!

- I can't swim, sir.

I gave you an order.

Gracie...

- Miss United States.

- You can call me Cheryl.

It's okay, we got you. We got you.

And so all of our clues...

...eventually led us here. Here she is.

- Nice work, Hart.

- Thank you, sir.

- Proud to have you on our team.

- That's great.

- Thank you very much.

- Oh, you've gotta be kidding.

You threatened to throw her in jail.

Get on your knees and thank her
for solving a crime you couldn't solve.

- Take your little handshake and put it...

- Okay, Mr. Living-on-the-Edge.

We're all on the same team.

It's all right.

Well, I guess he doesn't wanna keep
the press waiting.

Gracie!

Oh, you must be getting really tired
of saving my life.

No, no, it's good exercise.

Oh, and thank you for the "booty" tip.

I felt so uncomfortable saying it,
but it was an emergency.

- And I knew you'd be listening.

- Yeah, well, what are friends for, right?

Oh, and speaking of friends, I would like

to introduce you to Mr. Jeff Foreman.
Oh, we already met.
He's a wonderful swimmer.
Well, you're so buoyant.
Okay. Come here.
I gotta talk to you for a second.
Just a couple words of advice.
Don't bring up the Poconos,
at least for a couple of months.
Okay.
Now go get him.
Gracie, I'm so proud of you.
Oh, thank you.
And, you know, even without the makeup
and the gloss and all my magic...
...you've never looked more beautiful
than you do now.
Neither have you.
- Oh, thank you.
- Gracie.
- Oh, Stan.
- I'm so sorry.
- It's okay, Stan.
- This was all my fault.
- I have this weakness for...
- For gambling. I talked to your mother.
- You talked to my mother?
- Yeah.
- Does she want her 600 back?
- Yeah, she wants that back.
But she's very proud of you.
You just need to stay away from the sluts...
The slots for a little while. Okay? Okay.
Let's go.
- Over here, sir.
- Why'd you do it?
How you doing?
- Good. You?
- Good.
Hey, you kicked some po-po out there.
- Thanks. You too.
- Thank you.
And thanks...
Thanks for coming back for me.

- It's not like I love you or anything.
- I know.
- I was just doing my job.
- I know.
But I gotta admit...
...when you were saying that stuff back
there about not having any friends...
...I know what you mean by that.
You got a friend.
Yeah.
Agent Johnson, over in Mail Fraud?
I think he likes you.
Yeah.
No, but if, you know...
If that doesn't work out, then...
...you always got:
You know what? She's right down there.
You can talk to her.
Ms. Hart! Ms. Hart!
Is this going in your next book?
Guys, guys. I have two things to say.
First of all, there's not gonna be
a next book. Second...
No comment. Ever again. Ever.
Thank you, thank you.
Not listening. Not listening.
Mr. Collins, characterize
the investigation for us, sir.
I never gave up because the word "quit"
is not in my vocabulary.
Neither is "failure,"
"A for effort," "abandon ship"...
And that is how we do it in New York.
Okay, listen up. Got a change
in the assignment schedule.
Hart's gonna be partnering with Fuller.
And the mayor's youth-crime prevention
program is back on.
- The director wants...
- You're my new partner.
You have to like me. And back me up
if someone's shooting at me.
Not necessarily.
- Want some?

- Let's get to work. Keep your heads up.
We're partners now, but there's something
I need to take care of alone.
- Are you sure you don't need backup?
- This is solo.
- So we cool?
- Cool.

All right, I'm gonna roll.

Hi.

I'm sorry to interrupt.

I'm Gracie Hart of the FBI...

...and our information indicated that
a Priscilla was doing a book report on me...

...so I thought I would come by
and see if I could be of any assistance.

Oh, my God.

Hey, Priscilla.

Well, I suppose we can skip ahead
to English...

...and let Priscilla give her report
in honor of our guest.

Let's put our math books away.

- Hi.

- Thanks for coming.

Since we're in class...

...I would like to share with you
something I learned recently.

A little lesson, which is...

...people may care about people
who care about themselves...

...but I just don't really care
about those people.

- Not really following you.

- No?

Come here.

We'll just have to take this.

And then we'll take those.

And then we'll just...

There you are.

Now go do your book report.

Kids! Quiet!

Hey, hey, hey,

put a lid on it, all right...

...or I'm gonna have to rough

you guys up a little bit, okay?
Miss Hart?
Until you admit that fighting
is never the answer. Ever.
Because what do we really want?
Anyone?
Nobody? Nobody knows?
Priscilla, what do we want?
World peace.
World peace.
And the strength
to hold fast to your beliefs...
...while society's forcing you to conform to
a Barbie-doll image, know what I'm saying?
You don't know what I'm saying?
Okay, well...
...it's mostly...
It's mostly world peace.
On the video, you noticed the assailants
were attempting to abduct Stan Fields...
...and you pursued the matter "further"...
Fur... Okay.
Some savings bonds and a 1901...
No, it's not quite that old.
It's a 2001...
You're the one...
Damn that line!
Joel has come up with this very...
Sedate?
Yeah, say it, yeah.
Foreman!
- Watch it. I'm handling breasts here.
- Yours?
You pursued the matter further...
Further...
- "Furder. "
- "Furder"?
- Not gonna happen.
- What other choice do we have?
On the kidnapping video,
you noticed that the...
You know what to say, Jeff.
- What's your name?
- Foreman.

Foreman? Okay.

Fur ball.

- Little further.

- Back up, back up, back up.

Feel... I'm upset...

Who are you? What am...?

What am I doing here?

Stan.

Don't untie me.

I have another 15 minutes.

You mentioned something
about breakfast?

- Unprofessional.

- Still rolling.

- Oh, my...

- Bro! Your mask!

We need a bunch of rodents.

Squirrels, wombats.

- Can I go back to the trailer?

- Yeah, yeah.

- You like the pirate. You wanna kiss him.

- Shut up!